

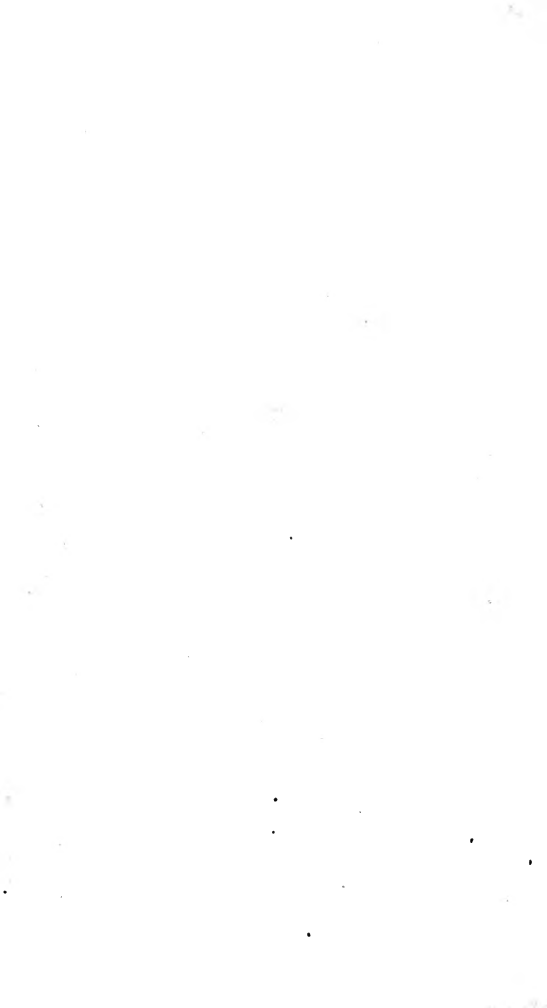
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Frontispiece



'Yes, here I am again:----- p.1.

Pub. June 20. 1868, by I Harris, Corner St. Paul's Church Yd.

MORE
SHORT STORIES,
IN
WORDS
OF
TWO SYLLABLES.



London:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS,

(Successor to E. Newbery,) .

Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard.

1808.

More Short Stories.

YES, here I am again; and I am very glad to see you all so gay, and so rosy; and that you are pleased at the sight of your old friend.

Bless me, how you are all grown!—I hope you are very good children; and that you can read better than you did

when I left you. I have been long away, and I have a budget of little Stories to tell you.

Come, let us go into the house ; I am old and soon tired, and I want to sit down.

So, Miss Emmy, I see you are still a little vain, and fancy you can do things better than other people ! — Why did you snatch my shawl from your sister ? do you think she could not have folded it up as well as you ? — You make me think of Miss Sinclair ; who was always boasting, that neither her sisters, or her brothers, or even

her mamma, could do any thing so well as she did.

If any body said: "Miss Sinclair, shall I teach you how to make your doll's cap?" she always had an answer ready.

"No, I thank you, I know how to make it very well;—I can make a doll's cap as well as any body.—I do not want to be taught."

"My dear," said a Lady to her one day, as she was walking in the garden, "that flower is not well tied up; it is too tight, the stalk will be cut with the twine you have

put about it; let me show you how to do it."

"Oh no;" said Miss Sinclair, "I know how to do it; I will cut the string, and new tie it."

Poor girl!—it had been better if she had let the Lady help her; for she was in such haste to cut the string, lest any body should think she did not know how to do it, that she cut the stalk of her pretty flower quite off; and there it lay on the ground, and before night it was dead and thrown away.

She was very fond of mend-

ing her clothes, but she did not know how to do it, and she would never let any body teach her; so that she spoiled all she had to do.

At length her mamma was so vexed at her having so much conceit, that she let her mend her things in her own way, without ever trying to teach her; and when she had done, made her wear them, just as they were, and told all the ladies who came to the house, how it was that her clothes were cobbled in such a manner;—and that she was so vain, that

she thought she knew better than *she* did, and would not suffer any one to teach her : so poor Miss Sinclair was very much vexed, and began to think she had better learn to work a little neater, before she boasted so much of what she could do.

I have spent much of my time, since I left you, with some friends who have four children, two girls and two boys; but they spoiled all the pleasure and comfort I should have had in the house, in being with their papa and mamma, by their disputes and quarrels.

The moment their eyes were open, you heard nothing but screaming and crying, "Let me alone, brother John; I will tell papa, the moment I go down to breakfast, how you pushed

me about." — Then a loud scream from Julia: "Oh! I am killed! — I am killed! — George has pinched my finger off." — And a minute after, the little shrill voice of Anna would be heard, — "Oh dear! oh dear! Zulee, how you *cratch* my arm."

When they came down to breakfast, it was ten times worse; one snatched the bread and butter out of the other's hand, and each would complain of not having enough; — not that they were fond of eating, but because they liked to complain, and quarrel; and they were so

noisy, that they could never hear their papa and mamma, who were forced, three or four times a week, to send them out of the parlour, and confine them alone, one in one place, another in another, that we might have a moment of peace.

If Julia was at work, the little Anna, though she did not know how to hold a needle, was sure to dispute with her sister, about their thread or thimble, or some such thing; and the boys were for ever making a noise about tops and kites, or bats and balls;—one

tore his brother's kite ; and he, to revenge himself, arose at five o'clock in the morning, got a spade from one of the men, and turned his little garden up, from one end to the other.

The first thing John saw in the morning was his flowers lying with their roots upwards, and his nice gravel walk strewed over with earth.

He was quite in a rage, and flying to the place where George kept his rabbits, threw open the door, and let them all out ; and the poor things, glad to regain their freedom, ran away

into the wood, and were never seen again.

Thus they went on spoiling each other's things, till at length they had nothing left to amuse themselves with; and then they were more tiresome than ever. I was very glad to leave the house, for they took away all my comfort, and I had the head-ache every day, as there was no peace till they were all asleep.

It was quite the reverse at Mrs. Enfield's. She had six children, but, though they were as fond of playing as other little folks are, they never made a noise; and always knew when to stop their play on the least sign their mamma made to them.

I loved them so much, that I never went out without bringing something for them; either cakes, or biscuits, or fruit; and they loved me also, and never did any thing to displease me.

If they saw me throw myself back in my great chair after dinner to take my little nap, as I sometimes do ; they held up their fingers to each other as a sign to be quiet, and not disturb me ; or tried to open the parlour door softly, and slip out of the room that they might go and play in the garden.

I thought I could never do enough for such good children ; but was always trying to find out some new pleasure for them ; and when it was my birth-day, I asked them all to take a walk

with me into the garden, wishing to surprize them with something they did not expect to see.

They were soon ready ; and taking one of the youngest in each hand, I led the way to their papa's garden, which was very fine, and blooming with sweet flowers.

When we came to the end of the long walk, I led them through a gate into a fine orchard ; where, under a large apple tree, they beheld, to their great surprise, a table spread with tea, cakes, fruit,

and other nice things, and toys of many kinds hanging on the boughs of the tree.

I need not tell you how happy they were; I gave them all the toys, and as much cake and fruit as was proper for them;—and then they never asked for more, but rose up from the table, and danced and sang till they were tired.

All their papa's and mamma's friends, instead of being glad (when they came the house) to have them sent up stairs,—always begged Mrs. Enfield

would allow them to stay in the parlour; and it was no wonder, for, as I told you, they were never noisy or gave any trouble; and when they were told to go up to their maids, they were gone in a moment, without whining or grumbling, or plaguing their mamma to let them stay longer.

I hope you do not forget any of my *Short Stories*; I told you one, when I was last here, of a naughty boy, called 'Tom; who fell into the pond, and caught a very bad cold, and a fever;—and you know, it was, because he did not listen to his friends' advice.

Well, my dear children, I met with this Tom again last year, and I am sorry to tell you that he is not in the least changed, but is still a wilful, headstrong boy.

He had no sooner gained health and strength enough to walk about again, than he was always getting into scrapes, of one kind or other.

The masons were mending the Church steeple, and having left their ladders whilst they went home to dinner, master Tom took it into his head to climb up almost to the top, to see how their work went on.

It was a wonder that such a little boy could go up so high without falling;—but he did, and looked about with great joy, as if he had done the finest

thing in the world, instead of a very naughty one ;—and, far from feeling any shame, for not having minded his papa's orders, he was so proud of what he had done, that when he was about half-way down, he began to whoop, and called to the boys he had left below, and to pretend to sing and dance upon the ladder.

His singing and dancing were however soon at an end; for, a moment after, he fell to the ground; and there he lay senseless, whilst the other boys (afraid to stay by him, because

they thought he was dead ; and afraid also to call any one, or tell what he had done, knowing how wrong it was,) ran away to their homes without saying a word to any body, and the wretched boy lay there a long time, with his arm broken, his head all over blood, and without any sign of life.

When the masons came back to their work, they found him in this state, and guessed what he had done.

He was carried home and put to bed ; no one thought he would live, he was so ill, and he had

to suffer so much pain from the wound in his head, and his broken arm, that it is to be hoped he will never forget it, but learn to know that God will always punish children who do not obey their parents.

He was still very ill when I left the place he lives in, but was thought to be out of danger;—and I hope he will live to repent.

I also saw Miss Flint, of whose hard heart I once told you something, and I really wish I may never see her again. I am always vexed when I meet with a child so fond of money; and hers is of no use to her, or to any other person, as I told you before.

She grows worse and worse each day;—she used to keep her purse in a box, but now, though the box has a lock upon it, she puts it into a drawer, and locks that, and carries the

little key in her bosom, hanging to a ribbon, like a locket.

She never fails to visit her hoard before she goes to bed ; but if she hears any one coming into her room, she hides it in an instant.

One night her sister, (who is, you know, quite unlike her, and very good to the poor, and kind to her servants,) popped upon her, when she was so pleased with the sight of her money, which lay on the table before her, that she thought of nothing else, and did not hear her coming.

She begged her to give her one shilling, and she would never ask for any more. It was for a poor woman, who was sick, and wanted a little tea, and a bit of white bread.

“ Give her your own shilling,” said Miss Flint, “ I cannot part with mine.”—“ I have given away all mine,” said her sister ; “ I have not sixpence left, and if you refuse me, the poor woman will grow worse, and it will be your fault.”—Miss Flint did not trouble her head about the matter, she had more pleasure in counting her

money, than in helping the poor: but when her papa's house was burnt down, and he met with other losses, and she was in such a fright that she fell into fits, and was six weeks in her bed, she was forced to give up the key, and her purse, to buy what was needful during her illness; for her papa had not the means of buying any but the most simple things, and the cheapest he could procure.

Miss Flint fretted so much at seeing her poor purse almost empty, that she made herself

a great deal worse, and when it was QUITE empty, she went without what she wanted to have; for no one would give her any thing. “ She never gave a half-penny to any one,” said her neighbours, “ why should we give to her?” — “ I have plenty of currant jelly, and sago, and arrow-root,” said a lady; “ but I will send none to Miss Flint; she never felt for others, why should I feel for her?”

Now, my children, though Miss Flint was treated as well as she might deserve, I blame

her neighbours greatly, but the lady still more; she ought to have known better, for we should always return good for evil, and forget what people have done to hurt us, when we can do any thing to serve them; but, above all, in case of sickness.

Miss Flint grew better, but all her joy was flown; she had nothing but an empty purse to look at; and that vexed and fretted her so much, that she was always pale, and thin, and looked cross, and ugly.

Her papa could give her no more shillings or sixpences at Christmas, or new-year's day, he had none to spare ; and his friends, who had been kind to her, seeing what a bad use she made of her money, gave her no more, but kept what they used to give her, for a better purpose ; that is, for the poor people, whom they thought she would refuse.

My old school-fellow, Emma B——, was very unlike Miss Flint; though she was also very wrong, and very thoughtless. She did not care how much money she gave away, nor did she give herself the trouble to think, when she was giving it, whether the person who asked alms of her was really in want of it, or not.

She liked to give, but she did not care what use was made of her gift; nor would she, though her purse was always

ready, take the smallest *trouble* to serve any one.

She never thought of going to a poor person's house to enquire about them, nor would she even go from the parlour to the garden-gate to relieve a beggar; though, if she met a groupe of them in her walk, she gave something to each of them.

The reason of it was this, she was idle and lazy; seeking out proper objects, or asking a few questions about those who begged of her, would have cost her a little trouble; but giving

away her money she did not feel; because, when her purse was empty, she knew very well that she had only to tell her mamma of it, and she was sure to see it filled again in an instant; so that she gave away what she really did not care about; and we must not call her a good child:—her being so ready to part with her money, showed no goodness of heart, very far from it.

I once saw her so pleased with four little pebbles, which a lady had picked up in the

gravel-walk in the garden, and brought to her, merely because they were very white, that she would not let any one even touch them.

Her brother begged her very much to give him a couple; but she would not part with them, she said, if he was to ask for them on his knees.

“ You never will give me any thing, sister Emma,” said Clifton:— “ I did not think you would refuse me two little pebbles.”

“ I never give you any

thing!—you forget;—am I not always giving you money?”

“ Yes, yes! you are ready enough to give what is not your own.”

“ Not my own! Is not my money my own?—I will show you that it is;—I will not part with my pebbles,—but I will give you two shillings; here, take them.—Mamma, you will give me some more! will you not?”

You see, my dears, what sort of a girl my old school-fellow was; she would not part

with two common pebbles, because, if she had wished to have more, she must have taken the trouble of going into the garden to look for them ; but she thought, that if she gave away her money, her mamma would give her more, when she asked for it.

I saw her some years since, when she was grown a woman, and, as her mamma was dead, she had her fortune in her own hands ; and having her family to provide for, and no one to apply to for more money, when

her purse was low, she grew as saving of her shillings as she had been of her pebbles, and her toys, when she was a child; and sent the naked and the hungry away from her door, without giving them the smallest relief.

Dalton was but a little tiny boy when he was sent to school; and the great boys called him Fag, —and pushed him about, and made him wait upon them; and when they had a mind to do any mischief, tried to get him to go with them, that he might climb trees and steal apples for them.—But Dalton always hid himself, when he saw them whisper, and make signs to each other; because he guessed that there was some scheme in their heads.

He never told tales, but took care not to join their parties, and when they were caught and flogged, he thought himself very happy that he had been able to avoid going with them.

He bore being Fag with great good humour; never grumbled at being sent about, but did all he could to gain the friendship of his school-fellows, and to please the master and ushers; and he did not lose his pains, for he was liked by them all.

He pleased his master by minding his lessons, never playing in school-time, or even after,

till he had learned what he had orders to get perfect against the morning.

Then Dalton thought his time was his own, and would enjoy an hour of play as well as any of them.

He was always pleased with what he had to eat; for he had sense enough to know, though he was very young, that his mistress could not make custards and cheese-cakes, or apple puffs, for fifty or sixty boys; and that if they had *enough* of good wholesome food, it was as much as they could expect,

and had no right to complain ; so that, when he went home at Christmas, he was never heard to grumble about his school-fare, or, when he saw nice tarts and light puddings at his papa's table, say, " We have no such things at Mr. Smith's ; we have nothing there but joints of meat and plain puddings." — And though he was very glad to spend a month with his papa and mamma, and his brothers and sisters at home ; when the time came for him to return to school, he mounted his little poney with a cheerful smile on his face,

and waving his hand to them, as they stood at the gate, trotted away by the side of old William, and was out of sight in an instant.

“ I am sorry to part with my friends, William,” said he, as they rode along ; “ but if I always stay at home, I shall see, next Christmas, that I am grown a great boy, and the Christmas after that, I shall be still bigger, and ”——

“ Very well, master Dalton,” said old William, “ and at last you will be as tall as your papa.”

“ True,” said Dalton, “ but I should only be a *tall dunce*; and if it is a shame to see a *boy* who knows nothing, but how to fly a kite or to whip a top, how much more foolish should I look, if I was as tall as papa and knew nothing but such trifling plays!—Let us trot on, William; I long to be at school, that I may go hard to work, and not give people room to say, that I grow faster than I learn.”

There goes a naughty boy up the lane ! Look at him, Arthur ; do you see how his head is bound up ! and how very pale he is !— I will tell you what he did about a month ago.— I speak to you, Arthur, because you used to be very fond of throwing stones, but I hope you have left it off, for it is very naughty, and indeed I cannot think what pleasure you ever found in it.

A boy may do a great deal of mischief by throwing a stone, but it is not likely he should

do any good by it, and he must be very wicked if he takes pleasure in breaking the legs of poor ducks, and geese, and pretty little chickens, or in hurting harmless dogs and cats.

But this is not all, for he may hurt his play-fellows, or any one passing by. What would you say, Arthur, if you was to throw a stone, and knock out one of your little brother's eyes?—I am certain that you would never be able to forgive yourself, and you would never look at him without weeping.

The boy you saw just now going up the lane, thought that throwing stones was very fine fun ; he used to say that nothing could amuse him half so much ; but I fancy he has changed his mind by this time.

About a month ago, he stood at the corner of the street, and began, as usual, to throw stones at all the dogs, and cats, pigs, ducks, &c. that he saw.

An old man, passing by, told him he had much better go home and learn his lesson ; but he only laughed, and threw the more stones.

A woman, with a child in her arms, came out of her house, and begged him not to kill her ducks ; that they came there to drink, and wash themselves in the brook, and that, if he did not be quiet, she would go and tell his father how naughty he was, and that nothing could stop him, for he never minded what was said to him.

It was a very cold day, and the wind blew so hard, that the people in the streets could scarcely stand ; so the poor woman was glad to go into the

house with her little baby, and shut the door, leaving the naughty boy to amuse himself with killing her ducks, and perhaps hurting some person who came to the brook (which was at the corner of the street,) to fetch water.

The wind began to blow still higher, and just as the boy was going to throw a stone at the legs of a little girl, who was going to fill her pitcher, down came the slates from the house near which he was standing, and one falling edge-wise on his head, cut him in so shock-

ing a manner, that no one thought he ever would be cured.

I see he is once more able to go out; but I am told he still suffers a great deal of pain from the wound, and that he will have a scar half-way down his forehead as long as he lives.

I drank tea, last night, at the little white house on the hill, and I saw two very pretty girls there ; but the eldest did not please me so much as the youngest did ; for she seemed to think, that when she was out of her mamma's sight, she might do any thing she liked ; and that though there were many things she had been told she must not eat or drink, because she had lately had a severe fit of sickness, there would be no harm in doing it, if she

could hide it from her mamma.

The Lady of the house asked her, whether she drank tea, or milk and water?

“Tea, if you please,” said Miss Clara.

“Pray, dear Clara,” said her sister, “do not drink tea; you know very well that mamma never lets you have any, and that you have Mr. Short’s orders not to taste it, though ever so weak.”

Miss Clara told her, she was sure it would not hurt her, and that her mamma would never

know any thing of the matter. The Lady would have given tea to the little one also, but she would not have it, and begged she might have some milk and water;—"for," said she, "since I know that mamma would be angry if she heard that I drank tea, I think I should be very wrong to do it, because she is not present to see me.—I never will do any thing in her absence, that I know she would not approve of."

Clara was not of the same way of thinking; she drank tea, helped herself to toast and

butter, begged to have a little more cream, and did many other things which would have made her mamma very angry, if she had known it; and surely it was very naughty to deceive her.

After tea, we went to walk in the garden, and Miss Clara took care to eat as much fruit as she could get, not at all thinking of her mamma's orders; whilst her little sister would only accept of one pear, saying, she had been told she must not eat much fruit, lest it should make her ill.

I was very much pleased with this sweet child, and told her that I would beg the favour of her mamma to let her come and see us, that she may hear some of my new Short Stories ; and whilst we were talking about it, we lost Miss Clara ; --- she was gone in an instant ; but, on turning the corner of the walk, we saw her with a skipping-rope, making such jumps and springs, that her face was as red as scarlet.

The poor little sister was in a sad fright, and running up to her, begged her to stop,

saying, " You know, my dear Clara, that you have had strict orders not to use a skipping-rope, because it is more than your strength will bear; and that yours has been locked up ever since your illness; and now you are no sooner out of mamma's sight, than you are skipping at such a rate that you are almost in a fever."

Clara did not attend to what her sister said, but skipped on till she was quite tired; and the servant coming for them before she had time to cool herself, she must have

been seen by her mamma just as she left us, for she does not live ten yards from the house.

I hear, this morning, that she has been very ill all night, but cannot say that I feel any pity for her: if children will not suffer themselves to be guided by their parents, and people older and wiser than they are, they must not complain when they hurt themselves, or when they are ill, but blame their own folly.

I find she was to have spent all next Monday at her aunt's

pretty house down the river ;
but I dare say she will not
be well enough to go ; and if
she should be better, her mam-
ma has said, that she will ne-
ver trust her out of her sight
any more ; for, as she has been
so naughty as to forget her
orders once, she does not think
she is fit to be trusted without
some person to take care of
her, just like a little baby.

But her sister is not to lose
her pleasure on this account ;
for, though so much younger
than Clara, her mamma says
she is not at all afraid to let

her go any where alone, knowing that she will act just as if she was by her side; so she will go to her aunt's; and I am certain she will have a great deal of pleasure, for it is a very pretty house, and there are all kinds of things to amuse her; fine gardens, and ponds filled with gold and silver fish, and a building where there are a number of pretty birds, of divers kinds and colours. I once saw them through the gilt wire lattice, flying about, and looking so happy, that I could have

stayed all the day to admire them.

I think we shall see her here next week, and then she will give you an account of what she sees; and I dare say you will all wish to be able to peep at them.



Flora Wilson lost her mamma when she was quite a little baby, and her papa had a great deal to do, and could not attend to her as he would have done ; by which means she was left to her maid, from whom she learned a great many bad tricks ; for she was a poor foolish creature, and scarcely knew right from wrong.

She always told her that it was very naughty to tell fibs ; but she did not make her ob-

serve, that it was wrong to hide the truth ; and therefore, as she knew her papa would be angry if she made her take too long a walk, she told her not to tell him *how far* she had been, unless he asked her ;—" and, in that case," said she, " Miss Flora, you must tell the truth: never tell a story to any one, for it is very naughty."

When she went to wish her papa a good-night, he asked her if she had been taking a walk, and whether she had been as far as the meadow.

She said she had been to the meadow, but she did not tell him that she had been twice that distance, to drink milk at a farm-house. — Her maid had taught her to think there was no harm in this deceit; but I hope you all know that it was a very great fault.

When she was at play with young ladies who came to visit her, she acted in the same manner: she would take any thing from one of them, and give it to the other, to hide in

her work-bag, telling her to say, if she was asked for it, "I did not take it;" and when she was asked herself, she always said, "I have not got it:"—and she thought this was not telling fibs.

A little girl asked her, if her new book had not cost half-a-crown? "It did not cost me half that sum, I assure you," said she.—The truth was, that her aunt had made her a present of it, and therefore it had not cost her any thing; but she knew the child's meaning,

and should have given her a direct answer. She had one day dined at her cousin's, who lived about a mile from the town, and as she was walking home, she began to reflect on what she should answer, if her papa asked her any thing. "If he asks me whether I had any apple-pye at my cousin's," thought she, "I will tell him the truth; I will say, Yes, papa, I had a good large piece; but I need not tell him that I had any cream with it, because

I know it would make him angry; ---- he will never think of asking about cream, for he has often given me orders, not to eat any; and I have no need to tell him more than he enquires about, it is quite enough that I never deny anything." Words
(Soon' after this, going one day to carry a saucer full of currant-jelly to a poor woman whose child was ill, and that her papa, hearing a noise at the parlour door, called her back, to ask if she had let the saucer fall: she owned that

she had broken it; but did not say that she had made the servant (whom she ran against) throw down two very handsome glasses which he was bringing to his master on a waiter.

Thus she went on, thinking herself the best child in the world, because she always owned the truth, but she was very far from it, and I hope you all think as I do, and will avoid such a girl, if ever you should happen to meet with any one like her.

I am sure you will never forget poor little Jet, the black girl, who came from St. Kitt's.

I once told you a great deal about her; how she always got into the chimney corner, and how she mistook snow for sugar.

She came to my house soon after that time, with the Lady she lives with, and she made us laugh very often, for she was always making mistakes from morning to night.

It was still cold weather, and it froze very hard. Jet did not like it at all, but wished herself at St. Kitt's twenty times in a day; but though she did not like the cold weather, she was very much pleased when she saw the snow hanging upon the trees; she said the boughs were dressed in feathers, and that all the neighbours had been putting their linen on the hedges to dry.

It was a very severe winter, and it froze harder and harder;

the poor little West-Indian did nothing but complain of the cold ; she was called a dozen times in the morning, before she could get the courage to rise.

“ O pray, missy, let me stay where me is,” said Jetty ; “ me very warm *here*, me very cold in the parlour ;” and then she would pop her head again under the bed-clothes ; but we told her she would make herself ill by lying in bed, and that when she got up, she would feel the cold a great deal more.

She came down, when she heard this ; for she did not wish to be ill, and she could not help running to the window now and then, to peep, for all was new to her, and she laughed, and clapped her hands, when she saw any thing which she had not seen before.

One morning she began to jump, and clap her hands, and dance about the room in such a manner that we could not think what was the matter with her. “ Oh missy,” cried she, “ here comes John

through the gate, with his hat all over that pretty white stuff, and his basket is full besides."

But when she saw John walk down to the pond, and cross over to the other side upon the ice; she began to scream like a little pig, and said he was walking in the water, and would sink to the bottom of the pond, and be drowned; she would not believe that the frost could make the water solid enough for any one to walk upon it.

When the warm sun melted

the snow, and the grass began to look green and cheerful,—when the little lambs were seen frisking about with their mothers, and the crocus and the snow-drop made the garden gay, and seemed to tell us that the spring was coming; Jetty would no longer stay in the house, but, wrapped in her shawl, rambled about from place to place without being tired, and said she liked England now, and no longer wished to return to St. Kitt's; and when it was quite summer, and that

she felt the heat of the sun,
she was still better pleased; and
I dare say that when the winter
returns, she will bear the cold as
well as any of us, and amuse
herself with looking at the ices
which hang from the thatch
of the barn, and John's hat as
white as a twelfth-cake.

What is the matter, Anna ? why are you angry with your brother ? Do you suppose he pushed your elbow on purpose ? He has made you prick your finger, I see ; but he could not help it, he was going to give me my tea, and in his haste he touched your elbow ; but he did not intend to hurt you. You are like Miss Atkins, who is always ready to fancy people mean to vex and hurt her, when they are not even thinking about her.

She had one day carried a basket full of rose-leaves into the summer-house, and spread them to dry on the floor, without telling any body of it; and her sister going into the garden soon after, with a little girl of two years old, who lived very near them, and with whom she was very fond of playing, went with her into the summer-house, where she walked over the rose-leaves and spoiled them.

Miss Atkins would never believe but that her sister had done it on purpose to vex her,

and she was very angry, and went to complain to her papa and mamma, and would not speak to her sister, nor lend her any thing to amuse herself with; and when they went to walk, she would not let her come by her side, but called her brother Philip to walk with her.

Poor Philip was not long before he was also in disgrace; he fell over a mole-hill, and kicked up the earth over her new red shoes, in such a manner that she could not see what

colour they were ; and she did not fail to accuse him with having fallen over the mole-hill on purpose to spoil them.

She once pinched her fingers in the garden-gate ; but she would not allow that she had been careless, but said it was Sophia's fault, and that she was sure she wished to pinch her fingers, and had let the gate fall on purpose. — And she was so naughty as to suspect her mamma sometimes of doing things to vex or hurt her.

I hope, my dear little Anna, you will not copy after Miss Atkins: I assure you that people are afraid of coming near her, for, whatever happens, she blames any one rather than herself, and not only blames, but is ready to accuse all the world of laying traps to injure her; though very few people think it worth their while to trouble their heads about her.

You wish me to tell you something more of Miss May, whom, you heard me say, I saw at Bath.

You want to know whether (now she is older) she is still as fearful as she used to be of mice or flies, and such kind of harmless things?

You will scarcely believe, that she would no more let her maid shake a nut-tree over her head at present, or catch the nuts in her frock, than she

would have done two years ago, and she is as ready as ever to scream, and call for help, if any poor insect happens to creep upon her sleeve, or even on her shoe.

She was so tiresome, that very few people would be troubled with her: but one day, last summer, that I was going with a friend of mine and her children, and two or three more young folks, to drink tea at a farm-house, I begged them to invite her to go with us, that we might try to break her of

being such a coward; but she gave us so much trouble, that, I assure you, I never wish to see her again in any little party where I am, for she plagued us all with her foolish fears, so much that we wished her at home, with her papa and mamma, twenty times before we got half way to the farm.

Going through the town, she was afraid of every dog and cat she saw; and as soon as we got into the fields, she was ten times worse.

The first thing we saw was

a man leading a horse, which he had been to catch, towards the gate. Away flew Miss May to the other end of the field;— I was just calling to her, to say that I was too old to run after her, when I saw her coming back a great deal faster than she went, and screaming so loud that you would have thought she had been very much hurt; instead of which, it was nothing but surprise:— A sky-lark had flown up almost under her feet!

As soon as this very great

fright (which made us all laugh at her) was a little over, and that Miss May was able to compose herself, we walked on very gaily, and I hoped we should hear no more of her nonsense: but we had no sooner reached the last field through which we were to pass into the lane, where the farm-house is, before Miss May heard the buzzing of a little bee very near her bonnet, and she sprang from my side, as if she had been stung by a whole hive.

This would have been no

thing; but our poor young coward never looked before her, and there was a deep muddy ditch close to the hedge, all the length of the field.—Miss May jumped into the very middle of it; she was more than half-way her legs in mud, and she had splashed herself all over.

There she stood, looking like a fool, and, as soon as we saw that she was not hurt, we all joined in laughing at her, because she did really deserve it.

We dragged her out of the ditch as well as we could, but when we came to the farm, all the people laughed at Miss May : there were many parties there from the town to drink tea, and eat milk and cream ; and the sight of our young lady, in such a plight, made them all run to the door to look at her a little nearer.

She was forced to go to bed, whilst we sent to her mamma for some clean clothes for her, and there we left her by herself, whilst we were very merry

in the next room, for as she was kept there by her own folly, we did not think she could expect any of us to lose our pleasure and stay with her; had she been ill, no one would have left her, we would have watched by her, and have waited on her; but as it was, we did not think it needful.

Charles was a very fine boy, and minded his books and his writing; he was always perfect in his lesson, and he never got into any mischief with the other boys at school.

He was ever ready to oblige his school-fellows, and at home he never failed to observe the least hint his papa and mamma gave him, without waiting for them to say, "Charles, I order you not to do this, or that."

There was but one thing which he did not appear to try to correct himself of, and that was what your old nurse would call, making *mountains of molehills*.

He never could bring himself to describe things as they really were.—If he saw two or three cows going past the house, he would say, “There are hundreds of cows gone down the hill;” or if the fox ran off with one of the neighbour’s geese, he would declare that the whole flock was

gone.—He once ran over all the house and garden in search of his papa, to tell him that the mice had got into the room among the flour, where they had gnawed the sacks to pieces, and thrown it all over the floor; but when his papa went up to look at the mischief, to his great surprise, they had only been at *one* sack, which had but a small hole in it, no bigger than a silver threepence, and a very little of the flour had fallen from it, on the ground.

Another time he told old Robin, who worked in the garden, that the maids had let the ducks into it through the small gate, and that they had eaten all the young lettuce, which he had been planting out for his mamma. Poor Robin was in great concern, for he wished very much to carry his mistress an early salad.

“I would not have had it happen for my best Sunday hat,” said Robin; and away he hurried to the garden, where he saw, with great joy, that

they had only pulled up three of his plants. “Why, master Charles,” said Robin, “did you do this on purpose to hurry and vex me? what pleasure have you in vexing an old man?”

Charles blushed a little, and told Robin, he would not have said it, if he had not thought it to be true. — “Why then, master Charles,” said Robin, “learn to be certain of things before you speak, and when you have any thing to tell, let it be neither more nor less

than the real truth; and the next time you catch the ducks in the garden, be so kind as to drive them out; but, before you come to vex and torment me with such a story, go and look at the beds, and see what mischief they have *really* done."

Charles thought he should not forget Robin's good advice, but in less than an hour he ran into the parlour, almost out of breath, to tell his brothers and sisters, that there was a puppet-show just come into the village, and a tall man to be

seen for twopence apiece; "he is very near as tall as the church steeple," said Charles, "and I am sure William Benson's head would only reach to his elbow."

I once told you many things about a boy, who was so cross that he never would lend any of his play-things to his little friends, but always said he was going to use what they asked him for, or else he tried to persuade them that they were not fit to be played with.

When Charles wanted his skipping-rope, he said he was going to skip all day; his bat was broken, his ball not good, he had no cord to fly his kite,

he had lost his drum-sticks,
and many more foolish things,
to excuse himself from lending
them.

I have never met with him
since ; but I spent some months
in a house where there was a
little girl very much like him,
and she made me think of that
cross boy very often, for she
never liked to please any body
but herself, and she kept her
toys and play-things round her,
and watched them, as if she
was afraid they would be taken
away from her.

You would have laughed, if you had seen her take all her pretty things and place them on the table, then seat herself with her work in her hand, that you might suppose she was going to be very busy; but she did not do two stitches without looking up, to see if any one was going to touch her treasure; and if any of you had been there, and had merely put your finger towards them, she would have squalled like a baby.

If any of her sisters or bro-

thers asked her to lend them something to amuse themselves with, she was afraid to say, "No, I will not lend my things;" but she always found some excuse, and never let them have it.

She had a little sister who was very fond of dolls, and I heard her beg very much, one day, for leave only to take her best doll in her hand; but Miss Bell said, she could not let her have it, for she was going to try on a new frock she had made for it. She then asked

her to let her look at her little chest of drawers; — “ Indeed I cannot,” said Bell, “ for I must new-fold all my doll’s clothes, they are so tumbled, that I am afraid they will never be smooth again.”

George came into the parlour, and asked her to lend him her shuttlecock; he had been at play with his friend in the great hall, and their shuttlecock had been thrown so high that it was perched upon his grandpapa’s picture, and he should not get it again, till

John came home from the market, and would bring them a ladder.—Bell was very sorry, she said, that she could not lend him her shuttlecock, but she was just thinking that she should like to go and play herself, as soon as she had done what she was about.

“ Pray then, sister,” asked George, “ will you let us have your little box of nine-pins? we shall not want them above half an hour, for it is near school-time, and I promise you that they shall not be hurt.”

“ I would lend you my nine-pins with all my heart,” said Bell, “ but, I think, I saw a small crack in the ball, and I must have it mended, or it will split; and in that case, you know, all would be lost;— I could never play with them again.”

“ My dear George,” said I, “ I know you are very fond of painting flowers, and trees, and every thing that pleases you; should you like to amuse yourself that way before you go to school ?

“ Here is a nice little box, full of colours, which I will give you ; I bought it for Bell, but she has things enough, more than she wants I am sure ; and she will not let any one amuse themselves with her play-things ; so take this, my good boy, it will amuse you at least six months ; and here is a cup-and-ball, which I know you are fond of ; and a pack of cards, with all the kings and queens of England painted upon them.”

George was as happy as could be, and ran away with great glee to the hall, to shew his friend

what I had given him. Miss Bell looked very cross and angry, because I did not give her any thing ; but I told her I never would buy any thing for her, till I saw that she was willing to let others have the pleasure of playing with her toys, as well as herself, and that I hoped her mamma would do the same ; so that she might keep what she had, till they were quite old, and never have any of the pretty new things, which are made to amuse and instruct good children.

Little Mary had a little basket, and in it a little chicken. Shall I tell you how she got it? It was just hatched, and being too weak to follow its mother, and its nine brothers and sisters, who all walked stoutly away; it was left alone chirping, in a bush, by the side of a great pool of water;—if it had fallen into it, the poor thing would have been drowned; and that would no doubt have been its fate, if little Mary had not passed that way.

She was a very tender-hearted child, and though she was going to drink tea with her grand-mamma, and knew that the hot cake was ready,—just taken out of the oven,—and that they waited for her, she would not go, till she had taken care of the little chicken. She first laid some leaves in her basket, and put it upon them, and then she went back to the house as quickly as she could, where she begged one of the servants to give her some wool, and with that she made a soft bed for it,

and gave it some bread to eat, crumbled so very fine, that there was not a bit of it above the size of the head of a pin.

Her mamma having told her that she would take great care of her little pet, and see that no mischief should happen to it, she set off once more to see her grand - mamma, whom she found rather angry at her coming so late; but Mary had no sooner told her how she had been stopped, than the old lady, very far from being angry, praised her very much, and

was so pleased with her for shewing such feeling for the poor chicken, that though she had no basket with her, (I should have told you, that she never went to her grand-mamma's without one,) she had a much larger one sent home with her, filled with cakes, fruits, and sweetmeats ; and her grand-mamma told her, that the little basket should be left at home for the chicken, and the large one, in future, always be brought when she came to the Grove.

But I have not yet done with

Mary and her chicken.— She fed it so well, and took so much care of it, that it very soon grew too big to sleep in the little basket, and it stalked about the kitchen in so stately a manner, flew upon the table when the servants were at dinner, and picked at the meat on their plates so boldly, that they all grew fond of it, and gave it leave to do as it liked.

When I went back to the village, the next year, little Mary begged I would go with her, to see her nursling; but

what was my surprise at finding it grown a fine hen, strutting across the yard with eleven chickens, all strong and healthy, and none of them looking as if they stood in need of the little basket !

Eliza Symonds was so childish, that she was afraid of her own shadow; — she would not go to bed, unless her maid would promise to sit by her till she was asleep, and she was so afraid that she would slip away from her, that she made her place her chair close to the side of her bed, that she might hold her fast by the apron.

I never saw such a silly girl :
if she stayed at her aunt's an

hour later than usual, she was afraid to go home; her little head was full of fancies; sometimes she took a tree for a man, and it was well when she would allow it to be a man, with only *one* head, for she often thought it had *two*.

Who ever heard of a person's having more than one head! — No, one, I believe: but she was a foolish child, and was laughed at by all who knew her.

She was coming home one night, just as the moon began

to shine on the trees and the hedges, and made the road so pleasant, that the rest of the party wished they had three times as far to walk; Eliza alone did not enjoy it, fear made her lose all the pleasure she might have found, and she wished she had not left her aunt's house, till she thought of old Susan, and that the house-maid at Hall would not be so civil as to sit by her, as *she* did, whilst she went to sleep.

She was always afraid of

being either the first or the last, and did nothing but run backward and forward, and in and out, like our little dog Prince, which we used to take with us, when we went to walk in the country.

At last she said she would go no farther, for she saw something very ugly at the end of the lane. Her little brother James, who was three years younger than she was, began to laugh, and asked her how many *heads* it had.

“ I don't know how many

heads it has," said Eliza, "but it is very ugly, and I can see that it has a large mouth, and eyes as big as saucers."

They all began to laugh so loud, that they awoke the ugly thing with the great mouth and saucer eyes, and made it run across the road into the field.

Eliza screamed as loud as she could, when she saw it begin to move, and run towards them; but she looked like a fool, and hid her face, when

she saw that it was nothing but a poor pig.

The moment they reached their home, little James (who could think of nothing but his sister's having been afraid of a pig) ran to tell all the servants the strange tale, and the next day he told it to all the ladies who came to visit his mamma; he could not forget it, and for a long time, if a pig passed, he asked Eliza how big its eyes were? She was teased by all the house, but she still went on, filling her head with fancies,

because she was afraid to go near any thing: if she had not been so silly, she would have seen that the pig's mouth, and eyes, were like those of other pigs; that her men with two heads, were nothing but very pretty trees, with the moon shining upon them; that the great black cat, that was sitting on a chair in the corner of the parlour, ready to leap on her, and scratch her eyes out, was her mainma's muff; and that what she saw in the garden, so like an old woman, who

carries away naughty children, was nothing but a gooseberry bush, with an old hat tied upon it, to frighten the birds.

Indeed if she was not a very silly foolish child, she would know that there are *no* old women who carry away naughty children ; I never knew any one who chose to be troubled with them ; and if all the old women were of my mind, those children would be glad to grow good ; for I never let them come into my room, or even any house where I am ; I never

speaking to them, or looking at them,
nor shall they ever hear any of
my Short Stories.

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